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THE REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY.

*Mr. Jenkins Masher, having sent up his card and received word that Mrs. R. will be down in a moment, steals a kiss from the pretty maid.*

*Mrs. R., entering unexpectedly: JANE, HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU TO ALWAYS RECEIVE YOUR VISITORS IN THE KITCHEN?*



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IT seems to us slightly out of season for a sanctimonious snuffle about the national honor taking the angel shape of an appropriation for our great captain, until the ways and means by which fourteen millions of honestly acquired money disappeared in the direction of that bourne known technically as a hole-in-the-ground. We may be blind, but the interest on a quarter of a million, added to the generous gifts made him by corporations, governments and individuals, is to our feeble and commercial eye a tolerably weighty testimonial for the services rendered. There is no lack of patriotism in those who wish that the nation's defender had rested on his martial laurels and civic wealth, and contented himself with the honorable and honor-compelling life of a private citizen whose record was his most precious fortune. Slender, indeed, must be the sympathy which can be extended to one who, after proving victor on the greatest field ever fought for, descended to the joust for dollars in the Wall Street pit. It was at best the very pitiful ambition of the gambler who hazards all upon a die.

Our general had more to lose than money. He had the reputation of the greatest soldier of his time in the east. It is sad to think that he placed it in the hands of two reckless sons and a scapegrace partner to play ducks and drakes with. Men's hearts are in their pockets these days, and the loss of fourteen millions makes a gap in nature. It is to be fervently trusted, for the sake of history, for the sake of the nation, for the sake of the shining example we all of us hoped would pass down to generations yet to come, that the honor of this great soldier is still untarnished, and that the blame for that misdeed by which colossal fortunes were swept away by trickery, will not be found to rest upon the shoulders where once rested the safety of the nation. But, meantime, let us not play at catch-penny, nor prate of an appropriation.

IT is a common thing for man to kick a sufferer. When the Seventh Regiment passed Wall Street during the height of the excitement, Mr. Gilmore ordered the band to play "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."

OUR alarming contemporary, the *Sun*, publishes a terrible telegram with the following head:

"EXPLOSIONS AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL."

Now, in the name of everything combustible, what harm is there in explosives being in an arsenal? Is an arsenal a refrigerator, or a place to store cheese or mackerel, or is it not, of all places on earth, just *the* place for explosives? But we read further:

"LONDON, May 14.—A Shrapnel shell filled with shot, with fuse attached but without powder, was found to-day at Woolwich."

Great Scott! O'Donovan has turned loose again, and the skirmishing fund has found a vent. Whurroo! But is all this rubbish worth the present rates charged for news by cable?

"I NOTICE that a man has invented a machine for counting votes, which he says is absolutely reliable. This may all be true, but I should like to see it work. I have had some experience."—S. J. T.

IT would appear, from the brief mention given in the daily papers, that there has been some little trouble in Wall Street. Some thirteen firms, with an aggregate capital of \$7,720,000, have announced that their combined liabilities are \$37,050,000. The discrepancy between the two represents the difference between a bird in the hand and two birds in the bush. There is a powerful moral in Wall Street just now, but exactly how to frame it puzzles the will and makes bankrupts of us all.

"I TELL you, boys, there is nothing like a clear head and a partial loss of memory. That's Ward's the matter in Wall Street."—U. S. G.

"WHERE am I now? Does any one speak of me? Am I mentioned? No. Why? Give it up. Anything wrong? No. I am simply dead."—Butler.

GENERAL GRANT has been in his day a great wire puller, but of late he has failed to manage even one Ward.

A CANADIAN divine has had a vision in which he saw clearly the coming of the Day of Wrath on the 13th of August, 1887. Before this great event is to come the gathering of the Jews to either Jerusalem or Saratoga, the annihilation of the Pope, the burning of London, the destruction of New York by an earthquake, and the complete depopulation of the United States by cholera. This cheerful forecast was made from the pulpit, and the Canadians are now gathering their asbestos underclothing and salvations ready.



THE FRESHNESS OF YOUTH.

*Old Gent:* I AM DELIGHTED TO HAVE MET YOU, MISS BONNIFACE; I KNEW YOUR GRANDMOTHER, A CHARMING WOMAN! YOU CAN FORM NO CONCEPTION OF HER GRACE AND BEAUTY.

*Miss Boniface:* OH, YES, I CAN! PEOPLE CONSTANTLY TELL ME I AM HER LIVING IMAGE.

*Utter collapse of Old Gentleman.*

## TWO PAIRS.

A PAIR of brown eyes—no matter where,  
In quiet street or crowded thoroughfare—  
Call up the image of your face to me.  
All others vanish, only you I see;  
Above the din of trade your voice I hear,  
And merry laughter, ringing sweet and clear,  
That fades into a smile away:  
Thus are you with me, everywhere and every day.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

Brown eyes? Oh, no; another hue  
Now lures my errant fancy;  
Those melting orbs are heavenly blue,  
Which with their light entrance me.  
She must say Yes—I love her so,  
I wonder why I've tarried?  
Too long I grieve.—Three months ago  
The brown-eyed girl was married.

DROCH.

ALBANY, April 7. '84.

Editors LIFE—DEAR SIRs:

CAN the line "*Dives eram dudum*"—I would not dare say  
from memory to which ancient Roman it belongs—be taken  
as a confession on the part of Dives that he was a dude?

Yours,  
JAS. SMITH.



## QUITE LIKELY.

Mr. Stroke (of the champion crew): I SUPPOSE YOU  
WILL ATTEND THE REGATTA, MISS VESTA?

Miss Vesta: OH NO! I NEVER GO TO BOAT  
RACES. THE SCANTY COSTUME OF THE OARSMAN IS  
REALLY TOO SHOCKING FOR ANYTHING!

## SHARPS AND FLATS.

MR. FERDINAND WARD reflects much credit  
upon his country.

And the gentlemen who lost their hundreds of thou-  
sands through his assistance are not likely to be over-  
whelmed by the pity or respect of their more scrupulous  
brethren. They placed their money blindly in his hands  
and placidly awaited the abnormal dividends which  
they patriotically supposed were to be derived from  
"government contracts." The leader had worthy  
followers, and it is simply a case of the biters bitten.

Mr. Ward enjoys the distinction of having brought  
irretrievable disaster upon men, women, children and  
institutions, and he has done it knowingly, with malice  
aforethought, and what is his punishment?

The papers are full of him and he has made himself  
famous. In less than three years he will be on his  
legs again and living in the handsomest style with the  
additional advantage of being an object of interest.  
The lesson herein taught to the young men of the  
country is this:

"Don't be a fool and make money slowly; go in  
for big sums by fair means or foul and may the D—I  
take the hindmost!"

We Americans are terribly "smart" and may dis-  
cover within another century that one way of checking  
crime is to punish it.

THE names of Mme. Pompadour and Marie An-  
toinette are associated with peculiar styles of  
ladies' dress, and that of Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily,  
with a tight-fitting waist now worn by ladies, called the  
jersey. The New Jerseys were jerseys before Mrs.  
Langtry was born.

LABOR AGITATOR.—"The bloated capitalists  
will not, my fellow workmen, allow even that  
the laborer is worthy of his hire. But I tell you, that  
in this nineteenth century, and in this free land, the la-  
borer is worthy not only of his hire, but of his higher  
wages!"

## WHAT IS THE "TRIBUNE" SAYING?

THIS is a distressing rumor that reaches the great sympathetic  
heart of the nation from Louisville. It is whispered in  
the country where the grass is nearly as blue as the Free Traders'  
spirits, that Mr. Watterson's interesting protégé, known in select  
circles as The Starry-Eyed Goddess of Reform, has taken to drink,  
taken to it with all the unreserve of a generous nature. Ever  
since the defeat of the Morrison bill, so the painful story goes,  
she has been at it. Her telephone keeps ringing day and night,  
and the messenger boy that answers the call receives from her  
ever the same order: "Fetch me a quart bottle of the sour mash  
known as gall and wormwood." When last heard from she was  
sitting in her boudoir—in dress of sackcloth with ashes *au naturel*  
overskirt—imbibing the baneful beverage between drinks, and  
remarking to her devoted guardian and boon companion: "Henry,  
set 'em up again." The moral to be drawn from her sad fate  
would seem to be that it is the part of prudence for a Starry-Eyed  
Angel of Reform to keep out of the Democratic party.—N. Y.  
*Tribune*.



WHO'S WHO?

UNDER this charmingly alliterative caption, one Mr. Hylande-MacGrath, a hyphenated gentleman, dwelling remotely in Maiden Lane, has floored our haughty and exclusive coteries with brilliant dodgers. He proposes, say the dodgers, to include, in a gorgeous and two-dollar-and-a-half book, "all those who hold any definite position or have a recognized right to position in *Metropolitan Society* as the result of :

1. "High official station in the Executive, Judicial, or Legislative branches of the National, State, or Municipal Government." (N. B.—This takes in the Aldermen.)
2. "Superior rank in the Church, Army, Navy, or National Guard" (see Jerry Macaulay).
3. "Conspicuous public services—patriotic, political, or diplomatic" (including John Kelly, Pop Whittaker, Hubert O'Thompson, Roscoe Conkling, and Billy McGlory).
4. "Eminent philanthropy" (this means Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Cyrus Field, and Gallows Isaacs). "Public spirit" (this again means the aldermen, who certainly own nine-tenths of the public spirit), "or personal worth" (this last may possibly signify Mr. V. again).
5. "Notable achievements in Science, Art, or Literature" (here will appear Keely, the National Academicians, G. W. Childs, and possibly G. Francis Train).
6. "The founding or support of religious, charitable, or educational institutions or associations" (this will probably be a paragraph).
7. "The promotion of scientific, historical or literary research" (embracing, of course, the trustees of the Lenox Library).
8. "Prominence in the professions, or in the monetary, commercial or social world" (ahem! here we will have some really fine work).
9. "Distinguished Ancestry, connection or alliance." [Beautiful! beautiful! nothing could be so rich in promise, and—only think of it!—all for two dollars and a half, bound in morocco.]
10. "The Representatives of Foreign Governments, Potentates, Peoples, Institutions and Orders." [This should include G. W. Childs and the local agent for John L. Sullivan, but it probably wont.]

Here follows this delicious and enthusiastic burst :

"The plan of WHO'S WHO is similar in essential respects to that of the well-known *Debrett*, dealing with titled British Society, and the famous *Almanach de Gotha*, dealing with the ruling families of Europe.

In the annual task of preparing and revising these European publications, their Editors have the *personal assistance* of the nobility. *A similar cooperation has already been graciously accorded to the preparation of this Annual* by prominent citizens, and a still larger collaboration is promised, insuring a completeness otherwise unattainable.

The "Assistance of the Nobility" is good. Where every gentleman or lady may write up his or her own pedigree, biography and history, with qualities and accomplishments set down in full, we may expect a great deal for two dollars and a half. For, as our enthusiastic contemporary, the *Home Journal*, naively remarks :—

"Dr. HYLANDE-MACGRATH, a gentleman favorably known for his genealogical researches, is preparing for publication a work of the above significant title. Its scope will be beyond the directories of people of wealth and fashion which have been issued of late years, the intention being not simply to give an alphabetical list of persons distinguished by their position in society, but to add in each case a succinct biographical notice. \* \* \* That the editor may be accurate in his statements of fact, he follows the example of *Debrett* and Sir Bernard Burke, and appeals directly to those who are concerned to aid him in the preparation of his manuscript."

And so we are to have it. Shall we also have the coats of arms and grandfathers? But, no! Let us not expect or pray for too much. The coats of arms are easy, but the grandfathers—good heavens, our nobility must draw the line somewhere.

UNCLE 'SI'S MUSINGS.

HAM AND EGGS.

EGGS.

NOTHING that pegs  
Around on legs  
Is more than dregs  
To Eggs.

HAM.

Neither Yam  
Nor nice spring-lamb  
Is worth a—clam  
Side o' Ham.

COMBINED

We do find  
They fill the rind  
Of all mankind—  
Ham and Eggs!

THE PRESIDENCY.

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of the *Herald*, LIFE recently sent out a circular letter to the Governors of all the States in the Union, as well as to some of the more prominent officers of the United States, asking for answers to the three following questions :

1. Whom do you consider the best man for President to-day?
2. What platform would you suggest on which to elect a President?
3. What are your views on the tariff?

The following is the text of the various letters received at the hour of going to press :

[*Ex-Governor Butler.*]

BOSTON, May 15th, 1884.

Editor of LIFE :

Your letter to Gov. Robinson came by mistake to me. By sheer force of habit I opened it. Robinson must be very busy just at present. I know I was last year about this time, getting ready for the Harvard degree, which for some reason or other I did not receive, I hardly know why; perhaps they did n't put enough postage on it.

In answer to your questions, I would say that my idea of the platform is "one that will hold the candidate." My ideas on the tariff I could hardly state in so limited a scope as this letter. Finally, as to who is the best man to-day for the Presidency, I would state that I am

Very truly yours,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

[Gov. Patterson, of Pennsylvania.]

Editor of LIFE:

I am so busy in ferreting out the mystery which enshrouds the dastardly assault upon my illustrious relative William, that I cannot give your letter the attention it deserves.

Y'rs, ROBT E. PATTERSON.

[From the Territories.]

LIFE:

Your letters to the Guvners of the Teritorys has fell into our han's. The male was found by us in a gully, ware the train had fell over a embankment, by whom caused modistie forbids we to menshun. We would say that the present gang is good enuff for us. As for the tariff, wile we live free traid is our mottu, wile them as has skruples ag'in our traid clamers fer protection.

Yours,

BILLY, THE KID, } *Kermity for the Territorial*  
TEXAS TOM, } *Bandits' Association.*  
BILL COLLINS, }

[John Kelly.]

LIFE Editor:

In my capacity of private secretary to Gov. Cleveland and as him to whom he looks in all such matters, I would answer your questions, viz:

1. The Governor thinks some New York man should be chosen, and a Democrat at that. Tilden's too old, and all the rest are too young, except the Governor himself. He refuses to commit himself further on this point.

2. After consultation with his private secretary, whom I have the honor to be, he has concluded that a platform constructed of "deal" boards would set the Democrats on the inside of the Treasury.

3. The Governor considers your question in regard to the tariff as premature. Yours truly, JOHN KELLY.

[A telegram received at a late hour last night.]

"We have instructed our private Governor to report favorably on our boom, in answer to your circular.

WM. WALTER PHELPS."

[Private note from Mr. Blaine.]

"Your circular came to hand. Of course you know my answer to the first question. As to the second, I think a platform constructed of Peruvian Bark and Jingo tacks would about suit the common herd. I will send you my chapter on the tariff when Gail lets me have it, as an answer to your last question. As it is in volume III., you must not expect it for some time."

The above are the more important communications received. We have been showered with others from all parts of the country, as many as three thousand four hundred and thirty coming from Texas Colonels and Tennessee Majors, whose views were based entirely upon their personal chances for Postmasterships and Pension Agencies.

Our conclusions are that the best man for the Presidency is a very various person. The winning platform is still too shadowy a substance for anyone to stand on firmly; and as for the Tariff, it seems to be the conundrum of the age, to be left unsolved until volume three of Mr. Blaine's book is published.

At the present rate of publication of that work this will occur when Mr. Blaine is elected President.

Somewhere in the fortieth century—if Mr. Blaine lives.

J. K. BANGS.

## THE FACTS ABOUT THIS NEW SCHEME.

IT is all very well for the press to try to swear down our enterprise and decry its merits, but it is about time to give the public the actual facts of the case.

The population of Ireland is by emigration, assassination, judicial hanging and other causes being so reduced that the year 1891 will see that fair land vacant.

The drain upon it for the supply of statesmen and politicians for the United States alone would empty the country of all but police and garrisons by 1924 at the worst.

Now, our Association deals with facts.

We take these statistics and the following considerations affecting this country for our basis:

The unoccupied land of the United States (adopted for agricultural purposes) will by the summer of 1892 be owned entirely by railway corporations.

The cities are, if not owned, controlled by foreigners.

What then is the American element going to do. Must either go into railroads or emigrate. Now, do not let us jump at conclusions rashly. This matter requires more than hasty generalizations. It affects ourselves directly, our descendants less directly, and our ancestors remotely.

If the American chooses to try the railroads and stop here what is his chance?

First, he has to buy stock—and (an important fact) he has got to buy it of the makers who are heavily protected. Time need not be wasted to show that this means beggary sooner or later.

Our plan, therefore, is to purchase land in Ireland, quietly, but so as gradually to absorb the fee-simple of the entire soil.

This we count upon costing the association £3,500,000. As Ireland contains 32,393 square miles this is but a trifle over £100 per square mile (say \$500), or 78 cents per acre. This appears very low as to price, but with the island depopulated it really is the full value.

At present a population of barely 5,000,000 people exists there—roughly speaking, 4 to the acre.

Hence there is reason for all the Americans likely to be alive in 1891 to live on the island.

Presumptively every American could well afford to pay \$10 per capita for his small holding—that is, \$40 per acre on the present basis.

Now figure up the gross profit on that.

But—don't let us be over sanguine, let us keep to facts, even to depressing facts.

To build a wall about the island is going to cost a large sum—that is, to build it so that no Americanized Irish can get back again.

But, even with this deduction, we feel sure of paying 5 per cent. on our construction bonds.

It is true that these bonds are not "listed" on the Stock Exchanges, but it is equally true that less marketable bonds are listed. Here we have hope.

Another feature of the association may be mentioned—although we are not parading it as an inducement to subscribers:

ADVICE TO TOO PROLIFIC  
POETS.

ONE perfect line,  
To live and shine,  
Is worth far more  
Than pages score  
That live a day,  
Then pass away.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Yes, but—

One perfect line,  
To live and shine,  
Admired of scholars,  
Would be too high  
For those who buy,  
If worth \$2.

For pages five,  
That only live  
A day, as stated,  
They 'd be, who sell,  
Ten times as well  
Remunerated!

A MAN of "means" must be one  
of those who help to pave Hades.

SHALL we go  
To Mexico?  
I dunno!

Yours

J. T. W.



THE MODERN ORACLE.

*Ruined Customer (to smart broker):* GOOD HEAVENS, TICKER, YOU TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT O. & T. WAS A GOOD BUY. I BOUGHT A THOUSAND SHARES AT 40, AND HERE IT IS DOWN TO 17¼.

*Smart Broker (with a bland smile):* VERY TRUE; I DID TELL YOU THAT IT WAS A GOOD BUY; AND SO IT WAS A GOOD BYE TO YOUR MONEY!  
(*Ruined Customer rushes home and punishes his children.*)

Before our bonds mature they are convertible into an issue, to be made of securities covering land in the present United States which the committee count upon as being by that epoch clear of Irish by the natural law originally codified by Malthus under the theory of Kilkenny catism, or the non-survival of those who fit.

We are not asking public subscriptions, and we only claim for our enterprise immunity from the scandalous and scurrilous press articles inspired doubtless by the terrors of our Irish rulers at the threatened expatriation of the tax-paying element.

To the mere American, who simply wishes to live in peace and to be spared the horrors of war with Great Britain because the British Government insists on hanging murderers, and who does not in his Protestant conscience believe that the Constitution of the United States is faulty because the saloon-keeping, hod-carrying element failed to sign it, our enterprise offers the only hope of an asylum where City Halls, and Tammany Halls, and Irving Halls—to say nothing of the hauls of funds out of our treasuries—may not rule.

Our young men might, under a British form of government, become dudes, but that is an infantile disease and curable. Our young women might develop large feet, but longer skirts would hide even that crime.

But our people would thrive quite as well under British tyranny in 1892 as they do under Irish tyranny in 1884.

For the Board of Directors,  
G. WASHINGTON PERKINS.

THAT BOOK.

THE latest estimate is that Mr. Blaine's book has reached a sale of 5,000,000 copies, and his profits on it are about \$25,000,000. Those who doubt this can be convinced by the statement that in Augusta, Maine, alone 2,700,000 copies have been sold. As the population of Augusta is 12,000, there is an average of 225 copies to each inhabitant. Yet the sad fact remains that not a single copy has been seen in New York.

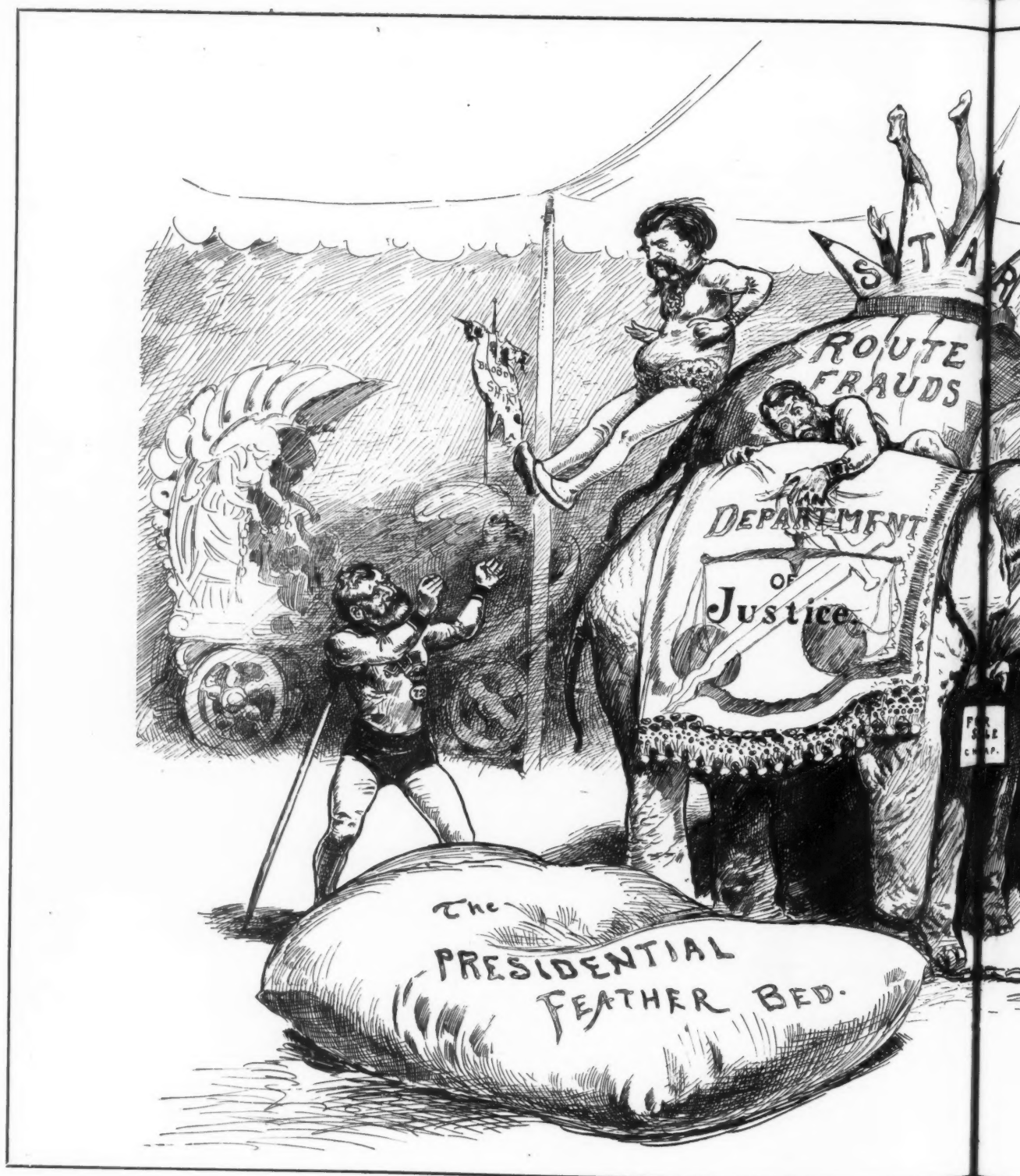
THE showman's sickness.—Sacred elephantiasis.

"JUPITER," said the editor, "look at that sentence! Fourteen lines! Too long, too long!"

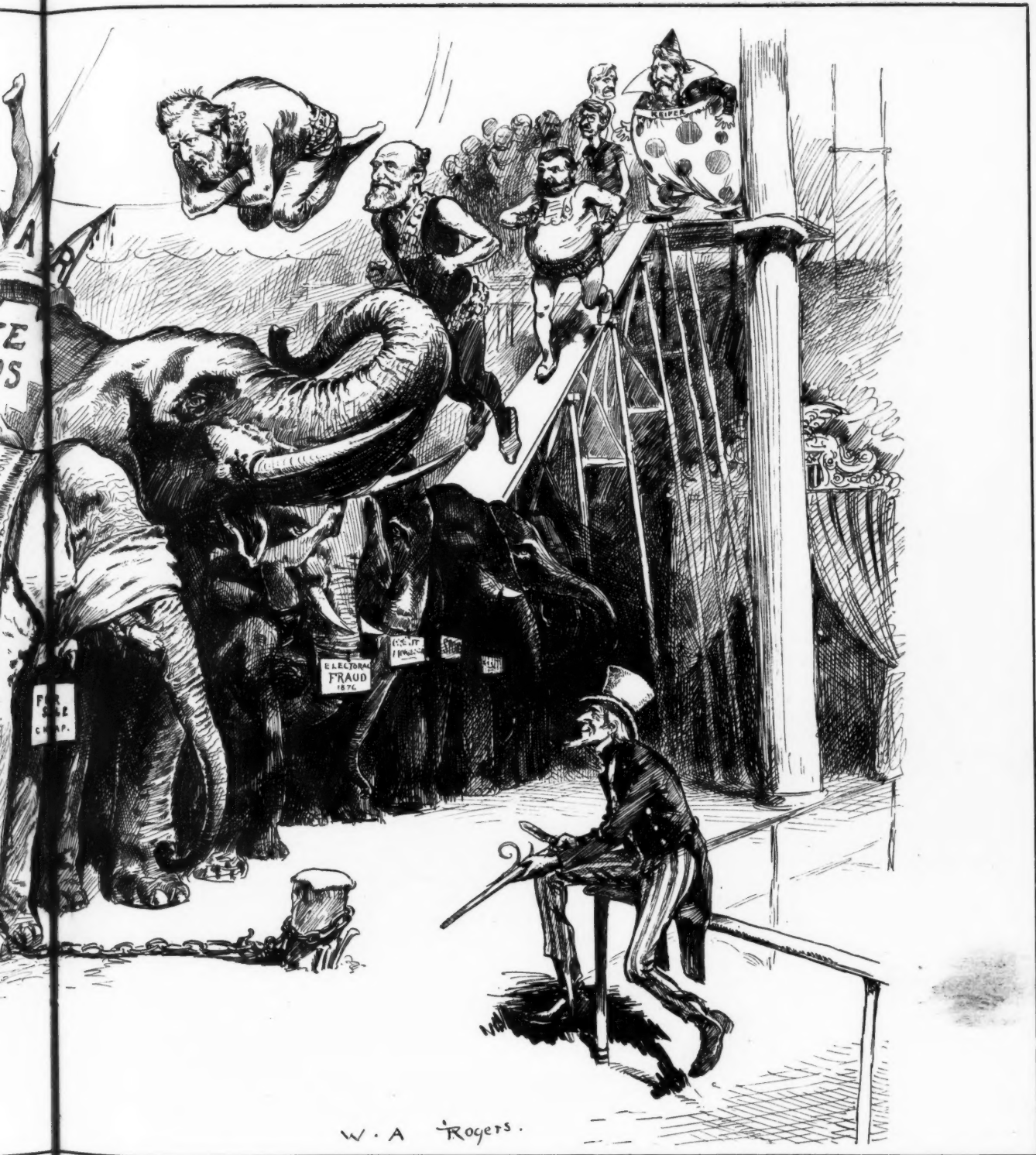
"Well," sighed the undertaker, "I thought it might do. It was made up for LIFE!"

When the interview closed the undertaker occupied one of his own coffins.

BAKER PASHA says that it was "Battle, murder and Soudan death."



DISCOURAGING TO THE "G"  
WITH EVERY NEW CAMPAIGN THEY FIND AN ELEPHANT



TO THE "GRAND OLD PARTY."  
THEY FIND AN ELEPHANT OR TWO MORE ON THEIR HANDS.

## A CONTRAST.

I HAVE seen two natures grow  
From a tender mother-love;  
I watched them in their virgin youth,  
Simple children, born to truth,  
And dreamed I knew them as I knew  
Earth and the bright hope thereof.

After years had gone, I saw  
These two—and one was like the Spring  
Whose skies are deeply soft and blue;  
She was beautiful and true:  
I looked upon her with an awe  
That made her seem a holy thing.

And one was hard, and cold, and fair,  
Bleak as the winter when our lands  
Sleep under barren fields of ice;  
Hate crushed her stubborn heart, and vice  
Laid her bitter passion bare:  
Ah! she could kill with her white hands.

These, I have thought, were like two flowers  
That draw their color from the sun,  
That bloom together, wild and sweet;  
Yet one has not the other's heat,  
And there are subtle, unseen powers  
That life has given to only one.

G. E. M.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

*This column will be devoted entirely to the interests of ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING. Reliable information for the guidance of young mothers and housekeepers will be supplied by a lady of experience and ability.*

**TO MAKE A GOOD JAM.**—Place one finger in the crack of a door. Shut the door slowly but firmly, and keep it closed for at least ten seconds. Then open the door and remove the finger, and add plenty of interjections. Never use your own finger if you can avoid it.

One is generally advised to soak codfish in cold water for several hours before cooking. This is just what the codfish has been used to all his life, and does him no sort of good. Wrap his throat in red flannel and set him up by the fire, instead; that would at least be a new experience for him.

Some of the peaches which were canned for last year's consumption were almost flavorless, and they have not improved in that respect by keeping. If, when you open the can, you find that they are not eatable, put them in glass jars and send them around to the church fair to be raffled for. Get some nice raspberry preserves for home use.

"PATIENCE" writes: "The other day I attempted to make some cocoanut pudding, but failed, although I followed a reliable recipe. According to directions, I took among other things four cocoanuts, and boiled them for three hours. At the end of that time the cocoanuts were just as hard as when I began. They wouldn't melt. What was the matter?" Any old cook could have solved the difficulty at once. You forgot to put in a dash of cinnamon and a teacupful of soda. Do that next time, and, boil 'em some more.

## CONCERNING WAGNER.

*From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

WHY, if the olive branch is held out to us with one hand, must the sword be so fiercely brandished in the other? If we willingly adore, why must we burn what we have adored hitherto? In other words, why, because Wagner has written fine music, must all music by previous masters be laid aside, and not only that, but abused and hooted at as worthless, and even reprobated as vile? Such and no other is the attitude of the Wagnerian critics.

WHAT they abominate is melody, tune; anything which has a beginning and an end; anything sweet, pretty, catching; anything that can be sung in the twilight and whistled in the street and understood of the people. The music of the new school flows continuously like a dark and solemn sea. No man can tell whence it comes, nor whither it goes, nor why it rises in terrific power, nor why it sinks into awful stillness. Wave succeeds wave, and he who hopes to follow and rejoice in one current of the dread expanse is forever disappointed.

SAY as much as you like that the English—and by consequence the Americans—are not a musical people; we love a good tune, we have written good tunes, and we are not ready to relinquish "Home, Sweet Home," nor "Tom Bowling," nor "The Old Folks at Home," nor a hundred others—not yet. All this is music which has awakened tenderness, and quieted pain, and given voice to love, and added something accessible and tangible to the not too numerous blessings of thousands of anxious lives.

ITALIAN music is before all things beautiful, and no theories, which have yet been framed have succeeded in persuading mankind to relinquish that love of the beautiful which is instinctive, and comes before the knowledge of any kind of art.

BUT the question before us here in New York is not this but another—shall we keep what we have got or throw it away? Shall we not only have no new Italian operas, but shall we cease to perform the old? Are our lives so happy that we can give up the most perfect expression of joy and content which the race has achieved? Are our manners so refined that we no longer require the choicest and most delicate of all entertainments? Do our people all speak and sing so well that we no longer need the unconscious lessons which the Italians have been giving us these hundred years? And, finally, have we become at once so coarse and so cold that we desire to hear no more that expression of human emotion, the most passionate and the most restrained, the warmest and the most tender, the simplest and the most heroic, the saddest and the loveliest that the world has known?

WE may multiply strings and abound in brass, and make our orchestras as complicated and overpowering as our business and our machinery; but we ourselves are still individuals—men and women with cares we would forget and sorrows we must not speak of; and we feel a solace in the expression of human love and human woe, refined by art, exalted by beauty, fired by passion, which never has and never can come so truly home to us as in Italian music.



THE NATIONAL MASTODONS.

# THE NATIONAL MASTODONS.

THIS performance was the greatest show on earth. The traditional cork of the minstrel was omitted. The records of some of the performers and successful smirching of others by the Press rendered cork unnecessary.

The programme was varied in the extreme, comprising many new features. The music was especially fine. Mr. Cold Day Tilden rendered "Box is empty, Ballot's gone" with much effect. Mr. Sun-Struck Holman amused the audience with his original ballad, "Oh, Dana, How Could You?" Mr. Blaine threw much soul and expression into a medley of the Mulligan series, and for an *encore* gave an exhibition of Political Jugglery, in which the ex-Secretary is an adept. Ex-Gov. Butler's by-play and song, "Holding the Silver Tops Fast by the Hair," created some amusement. Mr. Butler failed to receive an *encore*, however. The others acquitted themselves equally as well, especially Mr. Carlisle, whose conundrum, "What is Tariff," stumped everyone, including himself.

The programme was brought to an abrupt close by Mr. Blaine, who propounded the conundrum:

"Whad's de diffance between Brudder Tambo Butler and de cyurly-headed Brudder Bones Conkling?"

"One *is* Ben and de udder *has* been!" squealed Tilden. Mr. Tilden was counted out.

"Dat's not de answer!" said Blaine.

"We gibs it up," said Mr. Middleman Grant.

"Why, Ben's a cock-eye Turk, an' Conk's a Turkey-cock," replied Blaine, amid roars of laughter.

Mr. Conkling endeavored to open a debate with a razor, but was prevented. He consoled himself with resigning from the company and declining to join Mr. Blaine in their advertised duet, "We are Two Jolly Brothers." In response to repeated

calls from the audience, however, he consented to sing "We Never Speak as We Pass By" with Mr. Blaine, and the curtain was rung down upon the ensuing confusion.

The *ensemble* was capital, as taking them altogether there is enough of good quality in the performers to make one fairly respectable actor, but also enough of bad to run a successful penitentiary.

Unfortunately, the popular tastes lead to a unification of the good and absence of the bad in a single performer. It is therefore safe to assume that the engagements at the White House Star Theatre for the coming season will not include any of the above gentlemen.

CARLYLE SMITH.

THE longest reign in history.—The deluge.

APPOINT of honor—Civil Service Reform.

*Multum in parvo*—a woman's tongue.

"MARIE LE BRUN"—The Black Maria.

# AN EXHORTATION TO SOLEMNITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

*Fellow Worm*: I have seen a copy of your journal, dated February 7, and, although it was mainly characterized by levity, yet it contained one illustration (see p. 77) which has proved so eminently profitable to me that I am moved to address you. This illustration represents a godly pair engaged in the consideration of the "Saints' Rest," of Baxter, as one of the pleasures of their Sabbath. You very properly designate such people as "saintly spirits," and this



*Young Upperten:* DO YOU KNOW, MY FATHER  
DROVE ONE OF THE FIRST DOG CARTS EVER USED  
ABOUT HERE?



HERE IS THE FATHER.

circumstance gives me strong hopes of your future; for *you*, too, may prove a "chosen vessel."

I suggest, then, that a very important aid in securing seriousness in future generations may be found in solemnizing the young children of the present day. Small boys and girls, as the necessary result of original sin, are addicted to laughter for slight causes. In all schools for little children, I would have these outbreaks diligently watched and promptly punished; to this end, whenever merriment is shown by a child, it should be made to take a conspicuous place, wearing a large piece of pasteboard inscribed

"TOTAL DEPRAVITY."

Then I would have them taught the Westminster Catechism, as well as the illustrated couplets which accompany it. A new edition, however, should be published, with a transposition of the couplets (or triplets, as the case may be), so that vital truths might be preceded by mere secular verities. Instead of rousing their apprehensions by commencing the verses (as they now stand) with the alarming announcement,

"In Adam's fall  
We sinned all,"

I would first set down a few everyday facts. Thus:

"An easy boot  
Will guard the foot."

"Mice in a cheese  
Are quite at ease."

"Crows will steal corn  
As sure 's you 're born."

And then the solemnities might be brought in with a crash. Thus:

"In Adam's fall  
We sinned all."

"A glass of gin  
May lead to sin."

"Through Korah's sin  
Earth sucked him in.  
His "troop" also  
To pot did go."

"Sapphira's lie  
Knocked her sky-high  
In twink of eye."

THE longest reign in history.—The deluge.

"THE Glass of Fashion"—Brandy and Soda.

#### SOME LETTERS TO A POLITICIAN.

SINCE the nomination of H. H. Warner, from the Thirtieth District, as one of the Congressional delegates to the Chicago Convention, that gentleman has received the following letters:

WASHINGTON, May 1st, 1884.

MR. H. H. WARNER,—

*Dear Sir:*—Ever since the defeat of Judge Folger in our State I have been troubled with sleeplessness and loss of appetite, until last week, when I was fortunate enough to try your "Warner Safe Bitters." Since using it I have felt like a different man. I shall recommend it strongly to my Cabinet and all addicted to lobster salad.

Very truly yours,

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

WASHINGTON, May 5th, 1884.

MR. H. WARNER,—

Dear Sir:—A few evenings ago I read your advertisement in the New York *Evening Post*, which I was just finishing perusing, accompanied with a sensation of goneness, but by procuring a bottle of your bitters the feeling one often has after railroading passed off. It is an excellent thing. Do the druggists in Chicago have it?

Yours truly,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

U. S. SENATE, May 4th, 1884.

MY DEAR WARNER :—At the request of Mrs. Logan I write to tell you what a benefactor you are to me. I have for many years been troubled with a loss of memory, which is especially troublesome in my use of English and in spelling. Having tried almost everything, I finally *bot* a bottle of your Bitters and feel now equal to talking to wide, wide world. I shall recommend it to the G. A. R.

Yours, etc.,

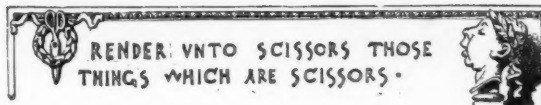
JOHN A. LOGAN.

NEW YORK, May 3d, 1884.

DEAR WARNER :—The other day, as Barney, Steve and I were on our way from Utica feeling rather weak, we decided on seeing your advertisements to try your Bitters. Barney took two bottles and Steve and I took one each; it was foine! away ahead of quinine; but do n't let Tilden have any of it or he will run again. If you wish any policemen's certificates as to benefits derived, I will supply them.

Yours respectfully,

MIKE CREGHAN.



APROPOS.

O VOT is all dis earthly bliss,  
And vot is man's soocess?  
And vot is various oder dings,  
And what is habbiness?

We make deposits in a pank,  
Straightway the pank is preak;  
We fall and smash our outsides in,  
Vere we a den sdrike make.—*Hans Breitman.*

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.

"I do n't want to interfere in your family matters, my dear friend; but I would advise you to watch carefully your oldest daughter and your coachman."

"What have you seen," he asked, anxiously, "to arouse your suspicions?"

"Nothing tangible," was the reply; "but you had better keep a sharp eye out."

"Great St. Denis!" murmured the old gentlemen, "is it possible that Maria has found a lover at last? It seems too good to be true."—*Phil. Eve. Call.*

"Did you see this shooting?" asked His Honor.

"Yes, sir; I did."

"Well, how was it?"

"Well, Judge, this gentleman and I were going along, and the young man who was shot was whistling 'Sweet Violets,' when, suddenly remembering himself, he exclaimed, 'Shoot me!' And my friend, being a very obliging person, shot him."

"And are you sure the man was whistling 'Sweet Violets' at the time?"

"Yes, Judge."

"The prisoner is discharged."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

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POWER and VITALITY."

Says the *Christian Union* of

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Sour-Mash Whiskey

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We have taken every barrel  
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AGE three to seven years  
old, all sold absolutely pure,  
uncolored, unsweetened.

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These famous Steel Pens combine the essential qualities of Elasticity, Durability and real Swan Quill action, and are suited to all styles of writing. For sale everywhere.

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32 Broadway, N. Y.

# Arnold, Constable & Co.

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New Spring Styles in Fancy Flannel Travelling and Negligée Shirts and Pajamas. Woven Boating and Lawn Tennis Shirts. A varied stock of the latest styles in London and Paris Neckwear. Spring and Summer Made-up Underwear. High-Class Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs ready made or to order. French, English and American Suspenders. Dress, Street and Driving Gloves. Cloth Lap Robes in every variety.

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Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

**CANDY.** Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.  
Address, **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner.**  
78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

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EUROPEAN PLAN.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. FLOUIM, 1st Pearl St., N. Y.

A FEW days ago a man in Detroit was fined one dollar for "maliciously injuring a lamp-post." If he was intoxicated at the time, he richly merited the punishment, as the deed was one of unusual atrocity. A drunken man ought to realize that the lamp-post is his best friend.—*Lowell Citizen.*

ISN'T the trans-Atlantic news dispatch cable in working order? Nearly a week has elapsed without any tidings of Mary Anderson rejecting a fresh offer of marriage from some Lord or Earl. Isn't it early in the season for Father Griffin to let up on sensational society advertising?—*Chicago Sun.*

A WOMAN aged seventy-seven years has sued a man aged seventy-nine in Belfast, Me., for breach of promise. It is pretty rough when a woman is jilted at the age of seventy-seven. Her chances of obtaining a husband after that are very slim indeed. But the man said he discovered that their tempers were incompatible, and blamed it he was going to have the many years of his life clouded by an unhappy marriage!—*Norristown Herald.*

How to express a number of papers when the name of one of them is *Life*: A thoughtful friend lent us a file of *Life*, and many of us being engaged with one or another of them, I finally asked, "Are these all the *Lives—Lives?*" Must we take prim refuge in a periphrasis? Can we call for *Punches, Calls, Suns, Transcripts*, and give *Life* no plural at all? Perhaps we should never have more than one

"Flower of the peach,"

sings Mr. Browning,

"Death for us all and his own life to each."

—*San Francisco Wasp.*

If you have Toothache, Headache or Neuralgia, get McGraw's Electric Fluid. It will drive it away. C. N. Crittenton, Wholesale Agent, New York.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Send a 2 cent stamp to pay postage on a Handsome Lithographed Razor. It will pay. Address The Clinton Mfg Co., 20 Vesey St., New York.

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**PRINTING INK,**  
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*This paper is printed with our cut ink.*

**AMERICAN PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO.**  
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Make Type Metal Plates for illustrating Catalogues, Books, Papers, etc. From Drawings in Pen and Ink, Pencil or Crayon, Wood or Steel Engravings, Lithographs and Photographs same size, reduced or enlarged. See Illustrations for this Paper.

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Expert Clerks are employed to fill every description of orders whether large or small, and goods are sent by return of mail or express according to instruction on receipt of remittance or C. O. D.—Subject to approval.

Samples cheerfully mailed, free of expense, on application.

Please mention this paper.

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Special Hours for Ladies, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. See Circular.  
PROF. H. GEBHARD.

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**JAMES McCREERY & CO.**

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White, Creme, Blue, Pink and  
Tan Colored Grenadines, 50 cts.  
per yard; were \$1.25.

All shades of Albatross, 50 cts.  
per yard; were 65 cts.

Black and White all-wool checks,  
50 cts. per yard; were 75 cts.

Colored Cashmeres, 50 cts. per  
yard; were 65 cts.

Have also 20 pieces of  
White Royal Yachting Cloth, \$1.00  
per yard, suitable for Tennis or  
Seaside, either for Ladies' or  
Men's Wear.

In Embroidered Pongee, so much  
used this season, we have a grand  
assortment at very low prices.

**JAMES McCREERY & CO.,**

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**Peck & Snyder's  
CELEBRATED TENNIS  
BALLS AND BATS.**

Our new Franklin Bat cannot  
be surpassed. Price \$5.50. We  
are sole makers of the Official  
Regulation Ball adopted by the U. S. N. L. T. Association, April 5th, 1884, and by the Intercollegiate Association, May 6th, 1884. Just published, the Playing Rules of Lawn Tennis, 48 Pages, with Complete Catalogue of Tennis outfits. Post paid, 10 cents. Stamps.

**Peck & Snyder, 126, 128, 130 Nassau St.,  
New York.**

"Dio Lewis's Monthly is the grandest  
Magazine we have ever seen."

*Normal Teacher & Examiner.*

Send 6 cents in stamps for a  
sample copy

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whom he describes as having "high cheek bones,  
with upper front teeth out, crippled in one foot, cross-  
eyed and quick spoken." We do n't see why he should  
advertise for her. He might better let well enough  
alone.—*Phila. Eve. Call.*

#### • POLITICS DEFINED.

"Father, what is politics?"

"Just now, my son, it is an everlasting, immeasur-  
able, incomprehensible, unlimited, unmitigated, inco-  
herent, irresponsible and irrepressible mux, without  
wisdom or the spirit of understanding."—*The Hatchet.*

MADE HER FEEL BADLY.—"You look sad, Birdie;  
what is the matter?" were the words addressed to  
Birdie McHenipin by her friend, Mollie Squeers, as  
they met on Austin Avenue.

"I am not feeling well."

"Are you sick?"

"No, I am not precisely sick, but I feel tired—over-  
worked."

"Do tell me about it."

"Well, you see our colored cook is sick, and now  
poor mother has to do all the cooking and scrubbing,  
and washing and ironing, and it makes me feel so  
tired to see the old creature work. She is so slow."—  
*Texas Siftings.*

Oakley's Extract—Corylopsis.

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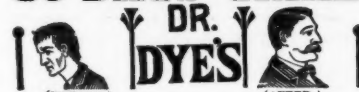
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Already so well known as one of the most popular summer  
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about seventy miles northeast of Mt. Desert, and is distant  
about two miles from Eastport, Maine.

The HOTELS "OWEN" and "TYN-Y-COED,"  
are acknowledged to be the most unique and charming in  
the country. They will be opened July 1, 1884, and under  
the management of Mr. T. A. BARKER, who has had  
charge of them for the past two seasons.

The island is ten miles long and from two to three miles  
wide, and the drives are delightful. The interior abounds  
in lofty and densely wooded hills. The shores are rock-  
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Comfortable carriages, village carts, wagonettes, and well-  
equipped saddle-horses, steam-launches, rowboats, canoes  
with Indian guides, and some of the famous Quoddy sail-  
boats will always be at the command of guests.

The fine steamer Frances, 1,200 tons, formerly of the  
Stonington Line, will make three trips per week, to and from  
Mt. Desert—the entire season.

Applications for rooms may be made to T. A. BAR-  
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Applications for land and for general information may be  
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And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.

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For sale by Druggists, or mail \$1 to F. Crosby Co., 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.

### MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

For Dyspepsia, Headache, Bad  
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The Good Old Fashioned Remedy. 25 cts. a box.

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For producing a real sea bath at home. Send  
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**INFANTILE** and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Scalled Head, Eczemas, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Absolutely pure and safe. Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medicinal Baby Soap, 25 cts., and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, \$1, are sold by druggists. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."



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Marvel of Excellence and Work-  
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**CLOTH OF GOLD**

Splendid After Dinner  
**CIGARETTE.**

For inhaling is the best of all. 13 First  
Prize Medals by

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If you want to buy **SOLID SILVERWARE**, 15 to 50 per  
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I have Solid Tea Sets, Fruit Stands, Pitchers, and other  
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Fancy Silver Pieces, Pie Knives, Coffee, Berry, Preserve  
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Forks, Spoons, &c., 15 to 20 per cent. below usual prices.

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I will never buy any but  
HARTSHORN'S ROLLEKS And I will never sell any  
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bination Cushions, Balls, Cues, &c., at the Paris Exhi-  
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ones scientifically correct in the angles of incidence and re-  
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WINE GROWERS, MAREUIL SUR-AY (Champagne).

BRANCH HOUSES: 23 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris; 37 Beaver Street, New York.

Are now shipping their Caves of 1878 Wines, the quality of which will make them rank among the  
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**MAXIMUM, Very Dry.**

**NAPOLEON'S CABINET, Extra Dry.**

**DRY VERZENAY.**

FOR SALE BY ALL THE BEST WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE STATES.